By JACKSON GREGORY Copyright, 1921, by Charles Scribner's Sons

THIS STARTS THE STORY

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A safe has been cracked, Ambrose, Actetive, and Joe Le Brun, gangster tetetive, and Joe Le Brun, gangster steetive, plan a "frame-up" that sale crook, plan a "frame-up" that sale fatter the crime on Robert Ashe, will steet the crime on Robert Ashe, will see the crime on Robert Ashe, will see the plant of the can produce evidence against "Lady-sees" that will send him to prison so fen years. At a social function is fen years. At a social function is fen years. At a social function less Robby Ashe if he will get it for saks Robby Ashe if he will get it for saks Robby Ashe if he will get it for saks Robby Ashe if he will get it for saks Robby Ashe if he will get it for saks Robby Ashe if he will get it for saks Robby Ashe if he will get it for saks Robby Ashe if he will get it for saks Robby Ashe if he will get it for saks Robby Ashe if he will get it for saks the normal prison. He ground. He seepes amid pistol shots and Amseages amid pistol shots and Amseages amid pistol shots and Amseages amid parault. Arriving at a large less the cells of the theft, unaware less the one er is Mrs. Ste herit. He is alout to get away in a borrowed with the owner is Mrs. Ste herit. He is alout to get away in a borrowed with when a muffled man and Rachel with the corner is Mrs. Ste herit for a sylvent of the plant. She first fires her griette secretary and then appoints sake to the place. Ashe has a birthing and Mrs. Stetheril gives him a day's freedom. He betakes himself to the woods but takes the wrong path lack and for a space is lost. He is dicovered by a young girl and her little brother, who, amused at his filemma, offer to set him right.

"Oh, I don't mind you laughing at not a good humorediy."

"In just a fool of a city man who sught to be laughed at."

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

AND HERE IT CONTINUES TEXPECT Ronnie here would be ashamed of himself if he didn't

now more about the woods than I do. Weuldn't you, Ronnie?" "How one can really lose his way h the woods," smiled the girl, "has almys been a mystery to me. Where here are landmarks everywhere "It's the easiest toing in the world,"

"Were you afraid?" asked Ronnie griously, catching at the word. "And dd me and Enid come and save you?" "You most certainly did, young Glant Killer." said Ashe heartily.

Ashe's eyes met the little fellow's berrily and frankly and were quite To his brows came no hint of a. But it seemed to him that the hade of a shorlow had flashed fleet-ingly through his heart. He did not know why, but he realized grimly that

ingly through his heart. He did not how why, but he realized grimly that have why, but he realized grimly that it was less pleasant to have a pair of hely eyes turned upon him that way with a pair of haby lips asking. "Does he tell lies and steal and be bad?" than to have the same question put to him in the words and looks from the lips and the words and looks from the lips and the plant and I just ran away for an afternoon in the woods." the girl was asyinge "We're going to have our little plant here. Do yot care to join as for a sandwich? Then we'll show you the way back to Lockworth. Or may you hurry to your engagement?"

"Look," cried Ronnie, running back woward the hollow tree to show the way. There's our picnie. It's all ready."

"If I may just sit and rest and smoke they pipe while you eat?" Ashe asked.

Ronnie was already squatting eagerly wer their "picnie." consisting of a sex sandwiches, a couple of apples, a piece of cake sprend out upon a newspaper. Enid was smiling at him, looking no less happy than he. Ashe turned he'd let it alone. It was wonderfully becoming that way. Why should only Ronnie see her at her prettiest? But it was wonderful any way she fixed it, taught it up and piled high upon her head. So was her throat wonderful, white and round, looking soft and warm. So was the fresh cool tint of her checks. So were the dimples which Ronnie's large delight and enthusiastic antics brought into being. So be tell lies and steal and be bad?" than to have the same question put to him in the wave the same question put to him in the work and looks from the lips and the same question of the work from the lips and the police officer.

"Itoanie and I just ran away for maternoon in the woods," the girl as sayinge "We're going to have our life piene here. Do you care to join a for a sandwich? Then we'll show but he way hack to Lookworth. Or have you hurry to your engagagement?"

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Tes. I'll just rest and smoke while posent, he repeated.

And even then he noted how unlike keepin Daly she was; how, with the same color in her cheeks, she did not from her eyes, but held them quite steadily upon his. It came to him like an inspiration that it is the way of boldness to affect timidity, the way of shipness to seek to be fearless. As to which he liked better, eyes hiding swiftly under lowered lashes or eyes which met his bravely.

But Ronnie was calling imperiously.

CHARGER XX.

"But he can't! Every one has some one to care about him, even if he is no older than Ronnie here, even if he knows only a handful of people."

She spoke with simple positiveness. It is the boys and girls of the world who theorize upon the main springs of life, who coolly attack the hig issues. Who dare say, "This is so, That is not so!" who struggle with matters as 'arge and unanswerable as eternity, who generalize, and who, often enough see the naked truth clearly. So Enid, younger even than Ashe, who was but twenty-one, spoke now,

CHAPTER XV

CHAPTER XV

Karma

"That," announced Ronnie sleepily. The lunch was gone, a golden half hour with it, and Ronnie's fat little fore-figure inthe newspaper which a monet ago had been a tablecloth. * * Enid aughed at him. But Ashe, and remarked:

"I thought that he was supposed to a good man, Ronnie. We have sent in the Senate with the idea * * * "Is the Senate with the idea * " "Is the Senate with the idea * " "Is the Senate with the idea * " " "Is the Senate with the idea * " " " " " And I mean pentate it pentate it is making a turned to him with her former curious look. But somewhere within him, there where a shadow had touched a little while ago, he winced. For in all his life he had never broken faith with man, woman or child. "You see," she summed it all up. "he's making a terr'b'e mes- of everything. That is if he is human. And of course some day he'll be sorry. Suntangular the should grow to be a man of thirty and that he should never have been caught. Suppose, then, that he had his family; that he had a little had his family. The he had a

is, the made hard work of it, but riumph. "Colonel Bullock calls it a milke a pig pen. Enid?"

And without waiting for an answer, of course some day he'll be sorry. Surpose that he should grow to be a man pose that he should never have been caught. Suppose, then, that he had his family; that he had a little boy. like Ronnie here. And that then he was arrested—"

And without waiting for an answer, (CONTINUED TOMORROW)

his chubby little body relaxing with a sigh, be hied to his tryst with the little Indian Sand Man.

'How does it happen,' Ashe asked quietly, "that he is interested in such things?"

"A little boy Ronnie's age is interested in everything in the world."

"But to brand the poor old senator

"But to brand the poor old senator as a bad man, to hint at state's prison for him """

"Is just Ronnie's way of mixing things. He heard me reading something from the paper to mamma; he saw this picture and supposed that this was the man I was reading about."

"Whom were you reading about?" he asked quickly.

"A man named Robert Ashe. They call him Ladyfingers. You have heard about the attempt at robbing Mrs. Stetheril? She is " ""

"I am her secretary," he answered in the voice which it had been his business to make steady upon occasions like

ness to make steady upon occasions like this. "Yes, I have read of it."
"Oh!" She loked at him curiously. "So you are Mr. Steele?"
"Yes. I should have given you my name before now, shouldn't 1? But somehow " I suppose it's because they're so new to me, the woods seem to me to make any sort of an in? seem to me to make any sort of an in-troduction idiotic. It seems as if, out here, it didn't matter who a man was, just what he was.

"That's equally true anywhere, isn't it? when you come right down to it."
"It ought to be."
He picked up his pipe, filled it again, his eyes on Ronnie while he lighted it.
"Tell me," he asked abruptly, with-

out pausing to seek a reason for the question, "what do you make of this Ladyfingers?"

Again she looked at him curiously

He met her clear eyes smilingly, frankly as was his way.

"Why," she answered, "he is a thief, isn't he? What could I make of him but just that? What he has made of himself. What Ronnie calls a bad man," she ended smiling.

"It's the easiest toning in the world,"

The assured her quite emphatically, the same of this part of this part of the part of

ing baby's curls.
"I think that I remember," she an-

dime and Enid come and save you?

"You most certainly did, young Glant Killer," said Ashe heartily.

"Were you scared of bears?" Ronsie wanted to know.

"Sot of bears." Ashe told him with gest seriousness. "Just of being too lab to see a man I must see."

"Oh." said Ronnie. But a little woolded look was in his wide eyes. He fifted them questioningly to his sister. "Is is he a bad man?" he demanded a stage whisper. "Poes he tell lies and steal and be bad?"

"Ronnie" chided Enid. "You must him into what sort of a man he should grow some day if he hadn't any one to watch him grow up. If by any horrible chance he were left alone in a big city—upon the streets—just as litbig city—upon the streets—just as lit-tle Robert Ashe was."
Ashe was startled.
"You seem to know all about him."
he said quickly.
"Only a little. Only what I have

Only what I have "Only a little. Only what I have read in the papers. His name has been in them more than once. His mother died when he was five or six years old. It seems that he is hardly more than a boy now. It is just pitiful. And so, if you want to know what I think about Ladyfingers, it is just that he has not been strong enough to be straight when it was so easy to be crooked.

THE GUMPS-Rich Mr. Gump

WELL, UNCLE BIM IS GONE- BUT HE CERTAINLY LEFT HEAVY TRACKS-HE GAVE ME BACK MY \$10,000 1 LOST ON CARP CAVIAR AND ANOTHER \$10,0000 ON HIS DEPARTURE- AND ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS THAT HE SUPPED OUR LITTLE OFFSPRING - SO THE GUMPS WILL JUST ASSAY TO PATE 21,000 BUCKS-

IF THAT WIDOW HAD EVER GRABBED HIM WE NEVER WOULD HAVE GOT THAT 10,000 BUCKS-WHAT SHE WOULD HAVE DONE-SHE'D HAVE PULLED THE PLUG ON OUR PROSPERITY- WE'D HAVE AS MUCH CHANCE AS A ROACH TRYING TO CRAWL OUT OF A PORCELAIN BATH TUB WITH THE HOT WATER RUPNING-



:

JUST LET UNCLE BIM MAKE TWO MORE TRIPS AND I'LL BE WHERE LIGHTHING WONT STRIKE ME-ANDREW WILL BE SILENT- I'LL BF MR GUMP TO THE WORLD -I WONT EVEN LET MY WIFE CALL ME BY MY FIRST NAME -SIDNEY SMITH O

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By Sidney Smith

By Hayward

SOMEBODY'S STENOG-She Feels Very Witty Today

HOW DO YOU YEH. WE CALLED IN VES-VESTBULE-VESTIBULA ABORITIS, AN EXPERT AND FEEL TODAY, BOSS? VEST- WHAT? THAT'S INFLAMMATION HE SAID "THIS IS DID THE DOCTOR SOMEWHERE IN THE ONLY A CASE OF FIND OUT WHAT WAS VESTIBULA ABORITIS NECK I THINK-T WRONG ? NOTHIN' SERIOUS FIFTY DOLLARS PLEASE !

HEE! - AINT YOU LUCKY THE EXPERT STOPPED IN THE VESTIBULE IF HE'D GOT AS FAR AS THE DINING ROOM THE BILL WOULD'VE BEEN HEE -HEE! FIFTY DOLLARS: A-E-HAYWARD - 11

The Young Lady Across the Way

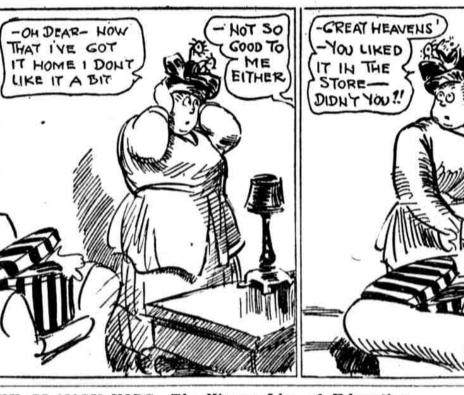


The young lady across the way says many people worry themselves into a state of ill health merely by talking about it and personally, though she has a pain there once in a while, she never utters a liver

ONE OF THE DANGERS OF INDOOR PUTTING PRACTICE- By FONTAINE FOX WHILE DAD WAS RECOVERING ONE OF THE GOLF BALLS, THE BABY DECIDED TO TRY ONE SHOT HIMSELF.

SCHOOL DAYS THE BOY MAY LIVE IF YOU FOLLER OUT MY BRECKSHUNS IM-PLIC-IT-LY! GIVUM THE FISHIM TACKLE ON AMONDAY THE BALL AN BAT ON ATUESDAY -THE KITE ON AWEDNESDAY -FOLLERED BY ICE CREAM AN CAKE ADMINISTERED INTERNAUN-THE SPAING FEVER SPECIALIST

PETEY—Deep Stuff









By C. A. Voight

THE CLANCY KIDS—The Wrong Idea of Education



TELL PAPA WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, BUDDIE? THE TEACHER L GIVE US WORDS TO SPELL

I AINT GOIN' TO

SCHOOL NO MORE

PAPA.